WIPSTER'S BRIGHT IDEA WHICH GREW IN THE TELLING.

Along the Game-Then the Socialist Agitators and the Eager Lawyers Took a Hand-Not Much Trouble for Police.

This is the way the "East Side rent" story was started and promoted: There is on the staff of one of the East Side Yiddish newspapers a good natured, well educated, thrifty young Jew who pieces out his income by sending in tips on East Side news stories to the papers printed in English. This young man lives as well as works in ine (metto, has a large circle of acquaintances and is thus able usefully to serve his patrons among the American papers, THE Sun receives his tips and sometimes, upon investigation by its own reporters, has printing.

Something more than two weeks ago the tipster met a friend, a lawyer of the Ghetto, who told him that there was a story in a meeting, then being held in a little hall, of thirty women who had signed a petition to their landlord asking for a reduction in rent.

The tipster said to himself, "If all the tenants of the East Side should sign such a petition and then refuse to pay rent there ould be 60,000 evictions!"

Tipsters have peculiar mental processes This one, on his way to the newspapers he favored with his information, framed his tip thus: "There is a big rent strike story in the Ghetto. Thirty thousand tenants-60,000-are going to refuse to pay rent, and oh, such an eviction!"

Some papers "fell" and printed stories constructed on unabridged lines, the tip serving as a yeast microbe to foment the magination of the story writers. THE SUN office managed to remain calm to the point of depriving its readers of any thrill as to the consequences of hundreds of thousands of sick women and children being ruthlessly thrust into the cold streets by the icy hands of heart!ess landlords.

But the tipster awoke the next morning to find that he had not less than \$30 worth of space in some of the papers that "fell." That was doing so well that he would

not have worked the vein for any more gold, but the story was too good for the papers which delight in that sort of a story, true or otherwise, and the thrifty tipster was delighted to get rush orders from his fallen patrons for more rent riot stuff.

The "riot," by the way, was thrown in by the tipster's patrons for good measure; he had not thought of that. But if riots were wanted, why, all good tipsters strive to please, so there were riot tips to suit.

Another reason why the tipster could not, if he would, check the stream of space money flowing his way was that the Yiddish Socialist papers took up the story from the English papers and their distressing accounts of unjust evictions so excited the people of the Ghetto that meetings were held to protest against rent rates, little meetings needing nursing to develop into "good" news stories.

At one of these meetings a young Jewess named Mrs. Hellman spoke. This meeting was held in a vacant shop next to a black-smith's on Cherry street near Pike slip. At the meeting were sixteen tenants from 216 and 218 Cherry street, Mrs. Hellman

being one.

The tipster was on the job. "A beautiful young Jewess, a new Joan of Arc, is arousing the East Side." Such was his tip, which also gave Mrs. Hellman's address.

The next day a morning paper printed a picture of "Mrs. Hellman addressing a crowd of tenants who had hanged a landled in affirm."

The camera can't lie, but it is as easy as any other kind of lying to lie for it.

This end of the story can be told at first hand. Recently a SUN reporter called on Mrs. Hellman in room 11, one flight up, ade the reporter enter when he knocked at her door, but "Come in" proved to be about all the English she had. So she sent for a toddler of a son to interpret, sent for a todder of a son to interpret, and when the interview had gone far enough for her to understand that an American newspaper wanted to know about her addressing a mob which had hanged a landlord she became so earnestly voluble that her own startled offspring could not follow her. So Master Hellman toddled away and soon returned with an eighteen year-old matron who had fluent English. Question and answer, English and Yiddish, tapidly developed a pleasing story of a picture. Thus Mrs. Hellman as translated: "I never spoke in the street. In the shop "I never spoke in the street. In the shop I spoke. Not for my own rent to be lowered. I do not care, for I am going away in a few weeks. I am a young woman and should enjoy myself. But for my neighbors I spoke, because they could not speak. So I told them how they should ask \$2 a month each from their rent and hot water every day instead of four times a week. Well, they each got \$1 off a month and hot water every day. That is something, is it not?

water every day, it not?
it not?
"But these reporters come, four, five, six reporters at a time, and I say to them It is all over; we get our rent reduced. What you want? Then they write such common you want?

It is all over; we get our rent reduced. What you want? Then they write such common things to make me say.

"Next come the photographers. Nine times they take my picture. But one more comes. I am tired. I offer him a picture of myself. No, he would have me stand in the street and hold up my hand. It was Friday, too, and I was cooking for Saturday! But he would have me stand in the street; so I did. He had an old pair of pants and a coat and stuffed them full of papers. The children think it is a joke pants and a coat and stoned them full of papers. The children think it is a joke and gather about. Then he hangs up the old pair of pants and the coat and gets the children to crowd about me. He told me to hold up my hand and I did, and he took

my picture.
"But such a trouble I have got from that.
Pay! No, not a cent he paid me, but such

Pay! No, not a cent he paid me, but such troubles come!

"The next day two detectives come here and ask the landlord where is the woman who led the mob what hanged him (the landlord). But the landlord told them he was not hanged and there was

no mob.
"Then the detectives find me and tell me to do no more such foolishness. That it

me to do no more such foolishness. That it made trouble. So I had that paper brought to me and read to me. Such a common woman they made me! And made fun of me that I had little English.

"Is that all? No. My people come, my cousins, and they say how could I make such a common woman of myself as to make such speeches in the street and make the mob hang the landlord? I cannot see how any people could believe I would be so common."

But Mrs. Hellman's cousins were not the only ones deceived by that picture. Many excitable Socialists of the school which believes the tenant should fix the rent rate were greatly encouraged by that picture of a landlord hanged in effigy. Indeed it was a great success, and so well done it really must have added materially to the paper's day's circulation figures. When THE SUN reporter went to the Seventh precinct police station and asked the desk lieutenant what he thought of

the rent strike situation. The precinct includes Rutgers Square, the centre of the nightly response to the yellow press morning scream, and the desk lieutenant was an intelligent and experienced officer. He "We are having no trouble worth speak-

"We are having no trouble worth speaking of. This thing happens every winter and it will all quiet down now as it has before unless the Yiddish Socialist papers and the others with their big headlines and pictures keep the agitation up until the nightly crowds give us trouble. But guess not. Some of our men were telling me a funny thing. It seems that there is a reporter on a Yiddish paper who started all this with some stories he sent in to the American papers. He must be a pretty smart lad, for our men hear that he is making \$20 or \$30 a day out of plugging the game along. Our men say he only expected to

make a little holiday money with one short story, but the papers won't let go of it. "But I guess we can handle the crowds without much trouble unless the excitement

Justice Roesch of the Municipal Court, sitting in the new Second, district, which is the old First, on Madison near Clinton street, had somethig to say on the rent strike. It was at the close of the call of levelled and tensor cases and the space. landlord and tenant cases and the space in front of the bench was filled with young ew lawyers representing clients on bot

ides of the controversy.
These made a decidedly interesting group of men, very true to a distinct type physically and mentally. They were short in stature, smooth and dark of face, with keen, observing eyes. They could all talk—and did talk—well and fluently. Their relations with the Justice appeared notably friendly and for a respect to a worth while riendly and for a reason it is worth while

explaining.

Justice Roesch was born on the East
Side 52 years ago; he went to school and
studied law there, represented the district
for several terms in both branches of the State Legislature and for fourteen years has been deciding cases there. He speaks to those having business before him in English, German, Italian and Yiddish. The court house where he sat yesterday was originally St. Mary's Library Institute, and, said the Justice, "Forty years ago I spouted my first little speech in public in this very building."

this very building."

The Justice announced that as the next day would be the Jewish Sabbath he would issue no warrants of eviction until Monday and Tuesday following. Warrants against those who had been inciting tenants not to pay would be served Monday, the others Tuesday.

Having made that announcement the Justice added:

Justice added:

"A word or two before I finally dispose of these cases. With the economic conditions I have nothing to do. It is unfortunately true that the East Side is suffering The owners of the fee in many cases have moved away. They sublet their properties. In some cases this has been done several times over and each succeeding lesses. times over and each succeeding lesses raises the rent to make a profit. And the original owner stands aside and looks with open eyed astonishment at the profits the subsequent lessees are making on the

property.
"The result has been that this second and third squeeze has raised the rent in many cases to an extent not warranted by

many cases to an extent not warranted by natural conditions.
"Now there is another reason (for the controversy) which is a bit political, which concerns neither the Democratic nor the Republican party, but it offers political capital for the Socialist party.

"Finally there is another reason—and I am not saying this with enmity to any one: Some young lawyers have a chance

one: Some young lawyers have a chance to indicate to some people the way they should go to arrive at some law office. "While I will not allow any warrants to issue to-day, I will have no patience with any tenant who incites to disrespect for the law. Such tenants must move at once."

Justice Roesch said to the reporter that
tenants were no more restless or rebellious this winter than two and five years ago and that he looked for no serious trounless the Socialist agitators cause it. did not like the police action in preventing anti-rent meetings. "I would let these people meet in every hall and park in the district and talk themseves out. That would be a great relief to them." he said.

WATERFRONT THIEVES.

A Tribe That Has Increased Since Motor Boats Came Into Use.

The usual winter depredations of thieve on the inexpensive pleasure boats laid up along the New York shore line began this season somewhat earlier than in past years. The reason for this early activity eems to be that the opportunities are better than usual.

Five or six years ago it was unusual to find hauled up on the shore a boat that contained anything, except perhaps a couple of anchors and a few hundred feet of line, that a "fence" would give anything for. It is different now. All along the shores are boats with motors in them laid up for the winter.

Boats used in these waters must have salt water fittings. That is, the propeller wheel must be of a metal that does not narily used for these purposes. It costs about 17 cents a pound, and an honest dealer will give 1? cents a pound for Tobin pronze scrap.

The piping for gasolene, for water and ometimes for the exhaust is made of brass, as are the steering wheel, rudder yoke, chocks, cleats and other fittings. The gasolene valve or the carbureter, if the latter is used is of bronze. Valves cost from \$3 up, and carbureters from \$10 to three or four times that amount.

Spark coils such as are used in the jump park system of ignition cost from \$10 to \$30 for the class of boats under consid eration.

It is not probable that any "fence" will pay a thief more than a cent a pound for pay a thici more than a cent a pound for Tobin bronze scrap, or a quarter of a cent a pound for brass, or 25 cents for any carbureter or mixing valve, or \$2 for the most coatly spark coil. Thus when a thief pillages a boat that carries a 6 horse-power motor he takes away property that would cost probably more than \$100 to replace and receives for his plunder perhaps \$3 or \$4. perhaps \$3 or \$4.

If he has the luck to find in the cabin a dynamo, storage battery and search-light that cost all told from \$80 to upward of \$100 he gets perhaps another \$2 or \$4 for

It is not to be expected that a thief will be considerate of the feelings of those whom he robs, but it makes the owners of small motor boats especially exasperated to know that thieves have taken from \$100 to \$200 worth of property from them to sell for from \$6 to \$8 to the "fence."

The men who own such boats are mostly men of small income who can spare a part of it for the recreation that they most enjoy. Their homes are for the most part in Brooklyn or Manhattan, and they feel that their property is practically without police pro-

In the Gravesend Bay region the thieves work with a boldness that could come only from a long period of operation without a single detection by the police. A man who has been a boat owner there for nineteen years says he has never known of one of the thieves being caught.

the thieves being caught.

The thieves evidently know the job before they undertake it. If it is an easy matter to remove the shaft and propeller from a boat by uncoupling the shaft and sliding it out they do the job that way. If that way would present some difficulties they cut off the shaft with a hack saw near the coupling; or if they cannot get at that the coupling; or if they cannot get at that part of the shaft without making more noise than they think is safe, they saw off the outboard end of the shaft and carry away the propeller wheel and stuffing box.

the propeller wheel and stuffing box.

Brass piping is apparently twisted off with wrenches and pinchbars, and cleats and chocks are pried off or removed by taking out the screws or bolts. Lockers in the locker houses on shore are broken open and rifled, and fishing tackle and parts of engines stored there are carried off with as little trouble as if they had been left lying on the sand.

So bold have the thieves become that some owners of shore fronts where boats are laid up for the winter do not charge for the keeping of the boats—which might imply a guarantee of safety—but charge only for the privilege of letting boats lie there at the owner's risk.

there at the owner's risk.

Several years ago the depredations of thieves in the boating season along the upper East River shores caused boat owners to enter into an arrangement to protect themselves. The frequent bang of shot-

THE LOOMS OF THE WORLD.

Lace, Save the Most Expensive, Has Giver Way to Embroidery in Table Linens -Costly Tablecloths Which Use Many Kinds of Lace-Novelties in Napkins. This is the time of year when the New York woman replenishes her linen closet. It is during January that the linen mer-

chants bring to the front the best and most alluring examples of their stock. A woman who was planning to buy and table linen with a Christmas check explained this by pointing out that the most important part of New York's schedule of house entertaining goes into effect after the holidays, and that then, if ever, house-

keepers need to look to their linen stock. A buyer for a big linen concern thought that the bargain sales held after January 1, some of which include linens, had a good deal to do with it. Whatever the reason, he added, the quantities of fine linens now purchased in New York during January is phenomenal and

indicative of a steadily increasing and re-

markable demand for this class of goods,

not only by the wealthy but by almost all

classes. Fashionable housekeepers and housekeepers not at all fashionable now vie with one another in dressing up their lunch, dinner and tea tables, and in all quarters far more attention is paid to the quality of bed linen than was paid formerly. He remembered the time when comparatively few New Yorkers used linen sheets and pillow cases at all. At that time also in the average well to do house the table linens used were much less decorative than those used now. dinner tables often being draped with an unbleached linen cloth of checkerboard

pattern, even when guests were present. To-day the New York woman has linens from every loom in the world to choose from. These represent the coarsest and the finest weaves in the plainest designs and in an endless variety of elaborately decorated designs. Instead of linen merchants duplicating one another's stock each tries to have exclusive designs.

To bring out a new pattern of damask the buyer said, costs several thousand dollars, nevertheless two or three new patterns are shown every year by some New York importers, to say nothing of many novelties in the size and makeup of table cloths, napkins, doilies, tea cloths and

The New York woman who travels has found that while she may be able to purchase fine linens for a trifle less in Europe she need not cross the ocean to get the weaves and designs.

Not long ago a New York bride to be who intended to live in Europe after her marriage surprised her friends by purchasing all her bed and table linen in New

"Why on earth." the girl's mother was asked, "did you not advise your daughter to wait and buy her linens in Europe?"

"Because," answered the mother, "the best examples from all the European looms can be found in New York within an area of two miles or less, and in four or five particular shops, whereas to get together an equally good assortment abroad one would have to travel over most of Europe. Three years ago I spent six months travelling on years ago I spent six months travelling on the other side, during which time I picked up exquisite pieces of table linen in Germany, Austria, Italy, France and England, making a collection one is not likely to see grouped in any one city of any of those countries. Soon after, when going through one of New York's foremost linen shops, I saw duplicates of nearly all the pieces I had bought abroad and paid 60 per cent. duty on at this port in order to have some

thing exclusive. The assortments of linens now shown in takes an understanding eye to pick out th latest importations and follow the trend of the fashions. This trend puts embroidery away ahead of lace in all but the very costliest pieces. It also puts in the background heavy silk embroideries, particularly those done in colors. For instance, in a Fifth avenue shop a woman was looking at centrepieces for a tea table, the size wanted being about twenty-one inches in

diameter.

The clerk first showed examples at \$4 and \$5 each. They were scalloped at the edge and embroidered in an inch wide fleur de lis design about three inches back from the edge. A few single fleurs de lis from the edge. A few single fleurs de lis were embroidered here and there over the bentre. She looked at other pieces costing

all the way up to \$25 and more. Twenty-five was her limit.

"Have you anything with a lace border at that price?" she asked. "Oh. yes," said the clerk, "but they are not so new."
He produced some. The lace was cluny, and not of the linest.

and not of the finest.

"This one is among the latest importations, but the price is \$75," he continued, spreading out a piece made of finest filet Venetian and cluny combined with French embroidery on a background of thin linen.

"Fine lace always has the lead, but just now embroideries take the place of ordinary lace in popularity, and we have customers who don't care for anything but pieces which are mostly embroidery."

In the centre finally selected French embroidery bordered the edge irregularly, not in a scalloped pattern, and there was a narrow insertion of Fayal lace about eight inches from the edge.

"Here is a centrepiece we will sell at half price," said the clerk, displaying a much larger piece done in an elaborate rose pattern of white silk embroidery, "becaues it is old fashioned."

Some of the French embroidered patterns and not of the finest.

Some of the French embroidered patterns Some of the French embroidered patterns resemble sections of seed pearls set in a flower bed. Nothing more exquisite could be done with a needle. Sets of these consisting of a centrepiece about twenty inches in diameter, a set of plate doilies twelve inches in diameter and a set six inches in diameter, are among the best selling table linens just now, notwithstanding that the centrepiece costs \$25 and the doilies

the centrepiece costs \$25 and the doilies \$37 and \$65 respectively a dozen. English, Madeira, Irish, German and Italian embroideries are also shown in sets of this description, and in tea cloths, tray cloths and lunch cloths often being used in conjunction with segments of lace, and the same needlework is included to some extent in the more elaborate table-

cloths costing in the hundreds.
Embroidered linen counterpanes are newe than the ordinary net and lace variety. In some designs embroidered single flowers are scattered over the centre, hedged in with a narrow embroidered wreath applie

with a narrow embroidered wreath applied about eighteen inches from the edge of the counterpane. In others the embroidery extends to the edges and the centre design is heavier and more elaborate. In a third style, made like the others of fine Irish linen, there is an inch wide insertion of drawn work—done by pulling out the threads of the linen arranged in two or three rows in an oblong form. The first row is nine inches from the centre, the second row ten inches back of that, the third row near the hem. The centre of the counterpane and the spaces between the drawn terpane and the spaces between the drawn work are embroidered more or less elabor-

with the quantity of embroidery the price of linen counterpanes varies, of course, the more simply decorated selling as low as \$20. Bolster rolls to match go with these bed coverings.

Many grades of the recently imported Irish linen sheets have a band of embroidery back of the hemstitched hem, and in some varieties the hems scalloned. These

some varieties the hems scalloped. These have pillow cases to match. Show towels, as a salesman called them, of fine huck, have scalloped hems and a wide band of embroidery back of the hem. One very ornate variety had a nine inch fringe added to the hem and the embroidery.

One of the newest designs, however, in towels is of Fayal hand woven linen, the ends decorated with a five inch hand of

drawn work fine as the finest Italian lace done in an intricate design, and which is finished with an eight inch knotted fringe. Considering the hand work represented, these towels are cheap at \$36 a dozen. There are French towels of nummy linen, hand embroidered at the ends, which sell for more than this. The best selling towel of all for ordinary nursess the salesman.

for more than this. The best selling towel of all for ordinary purposes, the salesman said, is a fine linen huck with a damask four inch border. Damask towels are not in fashlon for the moment.

Oddly enough, perfectly plain satin damask tablecloths with a four inch hem are having a vogue. There is not a vestige of pattern to be seen on them. The damask looks almost like a piece of perfectly plain satin. Their only decoration is a large embroidered monogram placed in two of the corners diagonally. These cloths are mainly in the smaller sizes, from 2 to 2½ yards square, and they cost from 37 to 315 each according to quality. There are napkins to match. ing to quality. There are napkins to match. This year's importations show very attractive designs in lunch cloths, dollies and napkins of Austrian manufacture. The and napkins of Austrian manufacture. The Austrians, said a buyer, excel in drawn work designs. There are sets of these consisting of 1½ or 1½ yard square table-cloth and half a dozen napkins of fifteen inch size, made of fine damask with a hemstitched border. Bunches of Alpineviolets tied with a ribbon, daisies singly and in clusters, irises, tulips and Louis XVI. scrolls and floral designs are among the best patterns.

There are dinner cloths also of the same manufacture from two yards square up to two and one-half wide by five yards long showing the same designs. Separate lunch napkins, which are among the newest, include some of Madeira manufacture, perfectly plain but for a small embroidered design in one corner, above which the owner's monogram may be placed, and scalloped edge—the scallops not much larger than a quarter inch. It is extremely dainty. Another separate hapkin of Austrian design has a plain oval centre bordered with a damask poppy design terminating in a very narrow hemstitched

Ice cream napkins, so called, nine by tweive inches and of fine damask, are patterned with tiny dots and have a quarter inch hem defined with a fine line of open-

A feature in the medium grade Scotch linen tablecloths sent over of late are de-signs adapted to round tables. These, like the finer grades in Irish and French linens, show many oval patterns on a square or an oblong foundation. Therefore if the purchaser prefers a round cloth to a square one all the retailer has to do is to cut away the square corners and have the cloth finished up for a round table before sending it home. It was found that the first round and oval patterns took so well with New Yorkers, even with those who with New Torkers, even with those who used them only on a square table, that almost all the European looms now turn them out in large quantities. Seventeenth century, Louis XVI., shamrock, royal rose and Scotch thistle are among the designs in the ovals, and some of the most beautiful patterns seen in the square current. beautiful patterns seen in the square onths are Queensberry, Canterbury bell, maidenhair fern, chrysanthemum, poppy, Grecian scroll and a well defined moire antique effect; also a French scroll. The Irish damask cloths include many

exquisite oval and floral designs, a par-ticular quality of these made on a hand loom and costing about \$37 for a two and one-half yard square, being preferred by some conservative New Yorkers to lace

The latter, however, are a long way from losing their vogue with the wealthy class, and almost without exception the latter designs are made round. Very little plain linen, none in fact, is seen in these cloths. Embroidered segments—openwork embroidery preferably—connect insertions oblong and square, of fine laces insertions, oblong and square, of fine laces which radiate from the centre in a fan shape which radiate from the centre in a ran shape and join other insertions applied in rotary lines. Filet lace leads off in popularity, and this is combined often with Venetian and cluny. In fact the more kinds of lace used in one table cover and the more oddly they are combined the more fashionable the table cover sure to be and incidentally. the table cover is sure to be and incidentally

the more it costs.

While inspecting a \$500 lace tablecloth about two yards in diameter, displayed conspicuously the other day at a special sale of fine linens, an old lady horrified her granddaughter by remarking that the design was not unlike a calico crazy quilt she had pieced when a young girl.

AN EXCITING MOMENT. Game That Wasn't

Wasn't Lost Either.

"I've heard of all kinds of heart strains in watching horse races, and I've read how the winner of a million or more or less faints when the favorite wins by an eyelash on the wire, but I'll bet that for concentrated excitement nothing ever beat an experience of my college days," said the

"We were booked to play a football game with a New England college that was a first rater and had that season beaten some of the crack teams. I had been rather extravagant that fall, but in a few games before this one I had managed to clean up a good bit of money by betting. I was almost on easy terms with myself, but I needed a little bit more.

"So I decided to get a bet down on this game. The visitors were cocky and I lidn't have much trouble. If I won I was all o the good; if I lost I had to quit college cretty much in disgrace at home and in

lebt everywhere else. "Judged from what I had been told, that game should have been easy for our team. But it wasn't, and when the end of the game was near we were behind, 10-6. We weren't anywhere near their goal either, though we had the ball.

"It wasn't very long afterward that our team woke up and began to shove the ball down in great style, and things looked bright for me and my money when I heard some one say: 'Forty-five seconds to play!' Well, that took all the ginger out of me all at once. There we were about twenty y ards from the goal, but hardly time left

for a touchdown, even in two plays. "I was getting all ready to go, desperate as you can imagine, when in pops a fellow on the field, a substitute quarterback. He was put in as a last resort of some kind because it was his first try that year in a

because it was his first try that year in a game of any size.

"Well, he tried one rush play and it didn't work. It used up some good seconds too. Then he dropped back to attempt to kick a goal from field.

"Say, it was a hard chance. There he was about twenty-seven yards away from the goal as he stood away over to one side, where the field was all soft and spudgy and it was getting darker every minute. It

and it was getting darker every minute. It looked like a million to one.
"Well, he got the ball from the centre, the opposing forward came smearing through, and it looked like good night. But the ball was off, and it just lazily floated

and wafted itself over that goal post and scored for us. "The score was a tie, 10 to 10, and I saved my money. Whey ! The game ended about three seconds later.
"Say, I was willing to do almost anything for that fellow. The queer thing was he never was heard of again after that."

Burning the Christmas Trees. One of the after joys of the winter holidays for the youngsters is burning the Christmas tree. It is a fleeting pleasure,

out it is fine while it lasts. In the first week in January the Christmas trees are ripe for the burning. The greenness has somewhat dried out of the spruce needles, but the inflammable oil is

The youngsters drag the trees to a vacant lot or the intersection of streets One good sized tree is enough for a spectacle. A lighted match is touched to the tip of one of the branches and, flash! the whole tree flares up with a brilliant yellow light. It lasts about as long as it takes the young-sters to give one good "Hurrah!" and then the glow of the street lamps becomes again

These ceremonies are the pyrotechnic

FREE CONCERTS BY WORKMEN WITH AMBITION.

They Just Stir Up the Neighborhood When They Play Popular Russian Pieces, but What They Really Want to Do Is to Perform Nothing but Grand Opera. Over on the great East Side it is useless

to ask anybody about the age or antecedents of anything. Thus, although the East Side Trades Concert Band has been running for only a year now, the members are already as uncertain about its origin as Topsy was about hers. But there is one thing, though, on which

they are all very positive: you must never, never refer to their organization as any-thing else than the New York Musical Culture Society. To call it the East Side Trades Concert Band is altogether wrong It only got that name, anyway, they will tell you, because it gives free recitals once in a while, and also because everybody connected with it, except Max Polakoff, the leader, and poor little Hyman Kalich, the hunchback, who begged so hard for a place that they made him mascot, is a workingman who works for a living.

There's Joe Daschlefsky, for instance the electrician, who plays the cornet: Max Bernstein, whose serious business is the trombone, but who occasionally unbends to satchel making when his meal ticket is all punched up; Abram Jaffe, "the paperhangist clarineter"; Aram Spivak, the operator, expert on the flute, and that's the hardest of all to learn; Benny Hudich, whose vocation is the French horn and whose avocation is the making of hats, and others, to an indefinite and expanding

Prof. Max Polakoff, the leader, is the only out and out professional, and Prof. Max s pro. from away back. Prof. Max will engage to teach you any musical instrument you care to learn at fifzehn cents a lesson if you belong to the Trades Conthe New York Musical Culture Society

Oderweise, sebenzigfive. Once in a while, just by way of advertisement, Prof. Max gives what he calls an ensemble lesson, but which the whole street looks forward to as a free Trades Concert. The Trades Concert should not, however, be confused with the concert, properly so called, which the New York Musical Culture Society gives every year in the big Majestic Hall on Forsyth street, with regular admission charged and the place blazing with electric lights and all the musikers out in dress suits and a license from the polizeicommissionerbingham or somebody, and a gray coated polizeidiener at the door to give tone to the

whole affair. The ensemble lesson, which only street knows as a concert-the society would never dream of calling it thatlacks all these bright accessories. Instead of the big hall on Forsyth street it's held in the band's regular headquarters in the little synagogue right over Willie Kronreich's saloon on Clinton street-and that's

near Grand. It's a very wee synagogue too, is the band's headquarters, just a little packing box of a room, you might say; only twenty feet square, not counting the jog behind the bimah; and when the two score odd nusicians are all huddled in there together there's less available free space than there s at home with the family taking boarders.

Harry Witty, for instance, is always complaining that he never can get a good satisfactory sweep on his violin for fear of catchng Aram Spivak in the eye, while poor Max Bernstein almost has to swallow his tromone whole whenever he lets the slide out the least bit. So then, although the concert is quite free to everybody, the public necessarily has to stand outside to hear it. But the public doesn't mind that at all.

itself on the curb under the window the music is almost as noisy as upstairs already. Moreover, it can leave any time it wants to, or smoke if it stays; both of which are points in favor of the curbstone. Of course, these advantages are obtained for the Trades Concert only at a sacrifice of

The public has found that if it balances

the stylish effect that fhe Musical Culture ociety obtains from the use of the hired hall and the dress suits and the gray coat policeman; but "Macht nichts aus," the crowd philosophizes, "the music's the same And it's no xylophone music at that. It

satisfies the crowd—uproariously so—and even the critics have no fault to find; perhaps

satisfies the crowd—uproariously so—and even the critics have no fault to find; perhaps because they never attend.

Only one word of adverse criticism has ever passed the lips of any one as to the work of either the East Side Trades Concert Band or of the New York Musical Culture Society. That one word was from George Sylvester Viereck, who has said that he considered Jankel Pedrosansky too apt to mar his readings by occasional exaggerated nuances. Jankel being the man who plays the big bass drum. On Trades Concert nights, when there is scant mincing of words, they tell him he curdles the mud in the street with his sour notes.

The ensemble lesson, or free Trades Concert, is mostly of a popular nature. As like as not, "Kozozsky," the Russian folk dance, heads the bill. Ah, but your Russian East Sider loves "Kozozsky"!

How that can set the kiddies to ringaround-a-rosying! And the old folks aren't ashamed to shake a foot either to the joy song of their own homeland. Windows pop open for two blocks either way, hausfrauen stick out smilling, appreciative, curl papered heads; the cat comes out on the fire escape, and the upturned faces below, with teeth gleaming out of beards in a thousand smiles, are packed in as solid as the Juggernaut pavement—only the expression is different.

in a thousand smiles, are packed in as solid as the Juggernaut pavement—only the expression is different.

"Kozozsky" is followed, generally, by the Yiddish wedding piece, "Chuzen Kalloh Masseltov" (Good Laick to Bride and Groom), which precedes, as of course it should chronologically, "Heim, Was Ist's Ohn' Kinder?" (What is Home Without the Babies?) Both are sure of a hand, though always there is some grumbler to ask

always there is some grumbler to ask "What's the use making music about ain't so, hein?"

Then "Mein Liebchen, Was Woll'st Du Noch Mei?" follows in natural order, with "Kom' Zurück, Mein Kind" and the "Russian Gendarmes" march to wind up with.

sian Gendarmes" march to wind up with.

Obviously there's only one way for the musicians to play this sort of music so as to please the crowd, and that is fff fortissimo all the time. And they do. The band goes to it with a will, putting the beef behind every note, and it's a noble noise they make.

Izzie Scheetlefsky's big phonograph, what he runs bei the movinpictershow next doors, isn't a squeak to it: the rickety old building from which it proceeds rocks to the tremor and throb of Jankel's big drum, and all things, animate and inanimate, nod in time to the thunderous rhythm.

When The Sun man went away from When THE SUN man went away from there on the occasion of the band's last free Trades Concert they were whooping out "Kim', Kim', Schmelke a Heim" with the crowd chanting the chorus mightily below and laughing at a car which had stopped for a moment on the Williams-burg Bridge overhead to find out what the

mmotion was. At the concerts of the New York Musical Culture Society things are not so ur rearious and popular as they are on Trades Concert nights. The band plays grand operathen, "Carmen," "Faust," and so on and if it weren't that the neighborhood de-manded Trades Concert music once in a while the members declare they'd play

while the members declare they nothing but grand opera.

From which it is to be concluded that the New York Musical Cultuge Society hitches its wagon to a star—a heroic big the start and commendable, if thing to attempt, and commendable, if the East Side Trades Concert Band doesn' fall out of the wagon.

RABBI KELONIMUSS MIRACLE. A Love Affair for Which the Jewish Books

Provided No Guiding Rules. Seated in a semicircle about the blazing stove in the Orchard street synagogue the group of aged Jews wagged their beards and puffed at their pipes devotionally as they imbibed pleasure and spiritual exaltation from Reb Nachman's recital of a miracle story of which he was not only a

witness but a subject. "It happened years ago," Reb Nachman related meditatively. "before the great Reb Kelonimus left us for Eden. I remember as clearly as if it happened to-day how I runs into the great Rebbe's office in the basement and cries:

" 'Dear, wonderful rabbit I'm in a big trouble, in deep waters as Psalms says.' "Reb Kelonimus, as his wont was, deliberated sedately a few minutes, then he asks:
"'Sonny, what's the trouble? Hast thou

sinned?" "So I says: "Rebbe, I haven't sinned, but I'm go-

"Then I see the good Kelonimus stare and I hastily add: 'Rebbe, the divine Talmud says that if a man is single he is sinful. I'm single, but I want to sin no more. You know the good soul, the godly widow Leah. I like that widow. I could kiss her and I could beat her and I could wed her. I always liked widows-not girls, but widows. But

Leah, she takes my breath away.'. "The rabbi indulged in a reverie, after which he demanded:

"'Why don't you take her unto you ac-cording to the law of Moses and Israel?' "I replied: 'I'm ignorant and don't know the law. That's just what I wish to inquire of you, dear Rebbe Kelonimus. What's the law if an Israelite loves a widow and she always looks the other way when passing

"The rabbi is very thoughtful and posed and consults heavy folios from the bookcase. Then he responds:

"'I'm not aware that either in the Mishna or in the Gemara or in the Tosefta is there a specific statute covering that point, but prayer might help. "I replied: 'I'll pray, I beg you to pray,

and I'll give eighteen dimes to the poor that they may also pray. " 'In that case,' said the holy rabbi; 'good may come of it. I'm sure it'll come

right in the end provided you obey the Lord's commandments.' "What follows I heard from Leah later on. Next Friday she buys half a goose for Sabbath, and finds the silly goose has a needle in her inside. She goes to Reb Kelonimus and asks him whether it's kosher, but he stares at her amazed, ex-

" 'Kosher! Who ever heard of a goose with a needle being kosher? It's so terifa [not kosher] that I wouldn't care to come

within four yards of it.' "Sure enough she throws the half goose away and hungers that Sabbath. She dcesn't feel as if she could wait till next Sabbath for a bite of poultry. So she buys a chicken, but finds it has a broken leg. She brings it to Reb Kelonimus, and sighs:

"I'm very sorry but it isn't kosher." "So she throws that away, and buys some veal. She's so distracted at her losses of goose and chicken that forgetfully she puts a milk spoon into the broth. When she asks Reb Kelonimus he only shrugs his shoulders and answers:

" 'Whac's written is written. It's terifa-I don't mean the meat. That's a foregone

conclusion. Even a gentile might know that. I mean the pot and the spoon and

the stove are all terifa.' "To skip details, for a month the poor woman never tasted a bit of meat, she being very pious and always asking the rabbi whether it's kosher, and he deciding negatively. She was getting lean and skeleton-

like. It was a great pity. One day she cries " 'Rebbe Kelonimus, I'm starving! I must be very wicked that the Shechinah

should decree my death in such a terrible way. Please tell me how I am to do pen-"'Wicked?' repeats the rebbe. 'It may

easily be. A woman is wicked so long as she doesn't marry and propagate the race." "Leah declares:

"I'm afraid to marry, 'cause my late amentable husband he wasn't good to me. "Reb Kelonimus: "Then marry a man that loves you and he'll be good to you. There's that prayer-

ful man Nachman. I think I saw in the

heavens that he's your life partner.' " 'Nachman' she ejaculates with astonisi.-ment. 'Why, that's the man who always looks as if he did want to marry me and who once sent me a marriage broker. I take it sure as a miracle that your holiness should have mentioned just him and

nobody else.' "Thus it came about that Leah and I became spliced, and all due to the strange mysteriousness of the sainted Reb Ka-

AN UNPLEASANT MOTHER Batted Her Babies Around and Finally Chewed One Up.

Hissing like a sullen geyser, the great ouma mother crouched with flaming eyes. Ridge of her tawny back brushed up in rage, tail a-switch, steel sinews rigid beneath soft skin, she glared at her four pupa

in the cage corner A fluffy ball of spotted fur sprawled on unsteady legs across toward her, says a writer in the Tracel Magazine. Out shot a mighty forearm; the baby was hurled suddenly back among his cowering brothers and sisters.

"Nasty temper," I remarked to the keeper "Has she been long like that?" "Started this forenoon," he shook his head in anxiety. "I don't like it. I'll

have to separate them, I fear." The unnatural mother commenced pacing her prison, sparring viciously at her offspring in passing. Three huddled together in a pitiful heap, but one stood up and defied A jungle terror in miniature, his tiny rage

was magnificent. Tensely alert before his trembling mates, he shifted warily to meet each blow, dodging, statting, striking out an awkward paw at the great thrusts. "They don't turn on their pups often, Only knew it once before 'You notice, mein Herr, her claws are not out when she strikes. That may come—then we will lose some promising babies here." The young German keeper was greatly distressed.

I returned in the morning to see how the aftair had progressed. Entering the Frankfurt Thiergarten, I found the Lion House. My friend stood in the empty cor-ridor looking into the cage, sleek forms shifted restlessly on every side, a pale light

ame from above, the place was close with heavy odor.
He greeted me mournfully.
"The little beggar was too spirited. She got him last night. Just a second in her jaws and the taxidermist won't attempt to stuff the skin."

The remaining pupples peered wonderingly at us from an adjoining cage, the murderess paced in silence, but her eyes were alive with a strange, fascinating light.

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